FREE SOCIETY

ENTERED AT SAN FRANCISCO POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

An Exponent of Anarchist-Communism: Holding that Equality of Opportunity alone Constitutes Liberty; that in the Absence of Monopoly Price and Competition Cannot Exist, and that Communism is an Inevitable Consequence.

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CALIFORNIA VS. "HEAVEN."

Alas! I fail to understand!
If "heaven" be so good and grand,
With pearly gates and streets of gold,
With ecstacy and joy untold,
With harps and songs and sweet content,
With none to worry for the "rent"!!!
Why they don't send a little bliss
Down from that world to us in this?
Why should we wait until we die
And then go soaring to the sky?
Though "heaven" were in the nearest star
No one desires to roam thus far
For HERE we HAVE "THE GOLDEN STATE"
And no one wants to "EMIGRATE."

WALLACE E. NEVILL.

MENTAL BARRIERS.

To me, Anarchy is an open gateway. Once having passed through it, I felt that every old barrier to perfectly free thinking had been swept away forever. No prejudice, no precedent, no long cherished form of thought should ever again stand in the way of investigation of any subject. I would never again be afraid of the discussion of any idea, no matter how absurd or unreasonable it appeared, or how it might dissipate some pet notion of my own. The open gate led me into the whole universe of mental, physical, spiritual, activity. No thought which could be conceived should ever frighten me again; I would ever be willing to listen, but always free to draw conclusions, as it appealed to my sense of truth.

I think most professed Anarchists believe themselves free from mental bondages of any kind. We have little patience with the old Church member or old style politician who will not come out and listen to a new idea if it is out of his usual line of thinking. The free thinker of today condemns severely enough the bigotries of orthodox Christians, the prejudices of the old code moralists and the narrowness of old time Democrats and Republicans. We know that we cannot frighten them worse than by mentioning "radicalism" in some form to them, and we can hold very little respect for the intellectual status of the people who run from a "bogie" word as children do from the dark.

But of late it seems to me that some of our stanchest Anarchists have found a "bogie" word, as alarming to them as "infidelity" is to a Christian. They will not read an article that contains it, listen to a speaker who utters it, converse with a person who expresses it; they are as afraid of having their reason diluted with it as is the Christian of having his faith contaminated by contact with a little common sense. And that one innocent word is "sentiment." Many of our good friends would as soon you would suspect them of harboring murderous designs as of cherishing a sentiment, or of yielding for a moment to the natural influence of a sentiment. Every thought must come out cut and dried, measured and laid out, tallying with the most precise lines of logic, balancing exactly with materialistic demonstrations, before it is to be listened to by the "close economic student." Now, as nearly every subject we may take up may drift off into the unknowable, before we are done with it, it is very difficult to keep everything down to the exact relations which two and two have to each other, and mental activity and exchange of thoughts would be about as interesting as Gadgrind's system of education, if we tried it.

My solid headed friends are not usually afraid of a work of art, a beautiful poem, an exquisite picture, or a skillfully wrought out play. But ask them to listen to an oration full of beautiful ideas, of a lofty conception of truth, of high ideals, of strength and sweetness and poetry, an effort that leaves one in a brighter, stronger, better frame of mind for days afterward, and they will scout the idea as absurd, because forsooth there is some "sentiment" to be found therein!

I can scarcely understand why sentiment has grown to be such a spook to many of my thinking friends. The very first inkling one has of a new truth comes in the form of a sentiment. We *feel* a truth before we get it into our brains to work it up into a theory. The emotions, the feelings we experience are the greatest part of our lives, after all. Any form of society must depend to a greater or less extent on the sentiments felt by the people. But more than any other will the future welfare and order of a *free* society depend upon the sentiments of its members. The kind of sentiments cherished, the kind of emotions encouraged, the *feelings* of the community, will determine the kind of a society we have. The nearer we approach to a free, unruled condition, the more necessary it is, it seems to me, that the best, the warmest, the sweetest, the most poetic and beautiful sentiments should prevail. It is none too soon to begin to inculcate them.

I have a dear friend who will save up a beautifully worded thought which she may come across to share with me, just for pure love of the beauty of sentiment. Yet she religiously remains away from the lectures of a true "nature's nobleman" who can put more beauty of thought, more natural poetry, more bright truths in a single brief address than any one has for many years, because he has been dubbed "sentimental."

I am beginning to be afraid for these "close logicians." They are so afraid of being led a little way out into the mists that they are missing a great deal that is great and new and intensely interesting. Much of the new thought is that being promulgated, is broadening and filling out our natures. A great deal that is new, and that goes to help develop our powers and capabilities, is told, it may be, amid a great deal that is hazy and incomprehensive. But what clear thinker is afraid of that? One shuts himself away from much that is improving and interesting by excluding everything which might possibly be classed sentimental. To be afraid of any sort of talk is to put up bars for our mentality.

The old "free thinker" made a great stir in his day; the onslaughts on old creeds and superstitions, the rattling of dry bones, caused by his work, were splendid; who does not appreciate it? But the "free thinker" who is nothing else these days, is a back number. There are a few of them yet, good, earnest people who devote all their strength and energies to killing gods, and chasing ghosts away from the field. But they have stopped right there. They are worse to deal with when you have a new proposition in economics or social reforms, than any old orthodox Christian you can find. They are as down on a new idea as a priest, with fewer points of attack than he. I know good Socialists who stand exactly where they did when they joined the section twenty years ago. You couldn't get them to listen to anything but "the materialistic conception of history" or "Karl Marx' theories of value" and the "scientific development of Socialism," to save your neck. I did believe there never would be a stopping place for an Anarchist, but I am afraid that for the materialistic, pumbline egoist—at whose side I long have marched, there are a few bars up yet, from which they steer their course very clear.

It seems to me that about everything has been said for freedom that can be said, when we have reiterated again our principle of equal liberty; when we have pictured the present bad conditions in the most vivid colors; when we have shown the advantages of a self-controlled society, what more can we do? We have got to let the world come up to us before we can go any further, and in the meantime what shall we do? Why not wonder a little of what we are going to think, when we are free to think whatever we wish? If we are nothing in the world *but* economic revolutionists, when free, economic conditions come, our occupation will be gone.

Every philosophy is a speculation first. We are constantly dragging from the mists of mysticism and speculation some truth which finally blesses the world. The unknowable becomes the knowable by constant effort. If we only plodded where others have made the path plain, well laid out, and "rational," how shall we progress? Every thought, every conception, every imagination, has its place in the world; it does not do to ignore one of them. Who knows which of them might prove the revolutionizer of the world?

LIZZIE M. HOLMES.

Denver, Colo., 603 Charles Block.

A JUDGE'S VIEWS.

A judge of the circuit court at Macon, Mo., in a recent divorce suit, for the benefit of an embarrassed witness, defined a "free lover" as "a woman who cohabits with *any* man, regardless of the law." Misrepresentations like that, if not wilful, at least prove the mental incapacity of one who is armed with authority to sit in judgment upon his fellows. This same judge in a private conversation alluded to the Filipinos as being "next door to apes," and declared that the "Cubans were incapable of self-government and wore nothing but breech clouts."

To a limited extent the Cubans may possibly be addicted to "breech clouts," but the peculiar style of a people's wearing apparel certainly does not justify another nation in invading their native land and taking possession of their government. Clothes, or the lack of clothes, are simply the result of climatic conditions, modified by the taste of the individual or the size of one's pocketbook. To judge the morals or intellectual ability of a people from the standard of dress is not good sense. The Filipinos who, according to the judge, are "next door to apes," yet dare maintain their conception of liberty in the face of powerful odds, when their attitude is compared with the mouth organs of civilized (?) Uncle Sam, the comparison is not to their discredit. For instance the St. Louis Globe Democrat, a most disreputable sheet, which long ago sold itself out of principles, demands the extermination of all captured soldiers of Aguinaldo on the ground that they are brigands and not soldiers of a respectable army. The Kansas City Star, also short on principles, pathetically inquires if "we are going to avenge Lawton's death by turning the islands over to his murderers?" Lawton, while in the discharge of his duties as a professional "man-killer," met his just deserts. There is no call for vengeance and no tears will be shed, except by his near relatives. Notwithstanding, certain patriotic citizens and statesmen will see to it that the family of Lawton is well provided for. It is a peculiarity of the equality sentiment of our people that a dead officer is worth far more than a private soldier. The most charitable construction in regard to Lawton is, that while not a martyr, he was the ignorant victim of a false system of education.

KATE AUSTIN.

Blessed are the young, for they do not read the President's message.—Thoreau.

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Anarchy.—A social theory which regards the union of order with the absence of all direct government of man by man as the political ideal; absolute individual liberty.—Century Dictionary.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Many of the readers of Free Society wonder why nothing has been said regarding Comrade Morton's propaganda tour. It is strange, indeed, but the fact is that the comrades have failed to report the lectures he has held in the different cities and so we know no more about them than our readers. At present he lectures in St. Louis and his last address there will be delivered January 24, at 604 Market St., 8. p. m., under the auspices of the Architectural Iron Workers' Union, whence he will come toward San Francisco.

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A reader sends us the following advertisement which appeared in the Houston Daily Press (Texas):

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.

A GOOD white woman of middle age to cook and attend to house work. B. B. care of Press.

There is practically nothing unusual in this offer, except that the advertiser is honest and courageous enough to call the thing by its right name. Apart from the public prostitutes there are millions of women sold under the cloak of marriage.

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Last week two men refused to sit on the jury in Oakland, California. One had religious scruples because the Bible says "thou shalt not judge," and the other was Comrade Rosenberg, an old and well known resident of Oakland, who would not sit on a jury bench because he is an Anarchist, as he boldly and proudly informed the judge. The world moves.

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"In a few more months we hail the birth of a new century," says a writer in the Melbourne Tocsin. "Shall the infant comer be swaddled in the blood-stained garments of an iniquitous and unjust conquest in which the last drop of brave men's blood was poured out in defense of home and independence? Alas! in our greed for the gold that perishes, it is the only swaddling clothes we have to offer. Alas! that as we bid farewell to nineteen centuries of alleged civilization and Christianity, we hide our faces in shame, as with hands steeped in human gore we clasp the infant fingers of the precursor of a new era. And in fancy we can hear the first notes of her youthful voice—is it thus you welcome me? That outstretched hand is stained with a brother's blood. Louder than your greetings of welcome I can hear the groans and wailing of the widow and the orphan, the sister and the mother, as they mourn the loss of loved ones murdered on your plains and hilltops. Of what use has been your civilization, your Christianity, when your landscape is far and near whitened by the bleaching skeletons of the image of 'God'? Is it thus you extend your territories? Is it thus you broaden your dominions? Has the greed of wealth, of power, of gold, obliterated all the attributes of the divine which lifts man to the apex of creation? I tell you that each mangled corpse will yet rise up in judgment, and a day of reckoning come when your ill-gotten gains, wrested at the cannon's mouth, will vanish like the rainbow; your huge territories will melt away, and, like the empires of old, sink into oblivion, until nothing remains but a dark blot on the page of history."

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URGENT!

The appeal in behalf of comrade Viroqua Daniels has been responded to very scantily. A few, as usual, have done nobly, while most of the comrades allowed to the appeal to go entirely unheeded.

Since the first appeal a crisis has been brought on in Comrade Daniels' condition—as her physician claims—which necessitated the engagement of a nurse and involves additional expense. It therefore becomes necessary to bring the case to the attention of all the comrades again.

Who comrade Viroqua Daniels is and her ability and work in the radidcal movement it is unnecessary to restate as she is well known to all the readers of the Firebrand and the early issues of Free Society. Suffice it to say that her loss would mean the loss of one of the brightest, clearest and ablest writers to our movement. Her case, therefore, cannot be urged enough. It should be remembered that small contributions are equally welcome.

As has been before stated, Comrade Daniels requests to have the addresses of all contributors so as to return their contributions as soon as she is enabled.

Please address: Viroqua Daniels, 2330 Stuart St., Berkeley, Calif.

Radical papers of all languages are cordially requested to copy.

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ART IN INDUSTRY.

A few days ago I was introduced to a gentleman, who, after a pleasant interview (for he was a pleasant man), before parting handed me his card. It turned out that my new friend was an artist, or that is what was stated on the card, and conducted an art school. So I fell to wondering what he meant by art. I had learned to look upon art as an inspiration, and upon artists as persons who are born with, or who have developed within themselves, artistic talents. I wondered if inspiration could be taught in school, to work by rule or measure. And so I let my fancies run on; and this is the way they developed.

Art is not the painting of pictures, the making of drawings, the preparation of designs, or the carving of sculptured forms; but in throwing into the work of our hands, let that work be what it may, our most subtle thought, our utmust skill in execution, fitting the thing we have fashioned to its most perfect use. For the development of beautiful forms, it is the expression of joy and love in service. This is not to say that there is not a certain technique, consisting of definite rules which may be taught in schools. But that technique is not art. It is only a sort of garment, useful in which to clothe art, just as the clothes which a man wears are not the man, but may serve a useful purpose in his adornment.

Man lives again in the work of his hands. That work well done is an index of the footprint of an artist. The cook in the kitchen may be a more exquisite artist than a renowned painter. In her knowledge of the chemical constituents of the things she has to use and their reactions, in the blending of their ingredients, in the management and application of the heat, in the preservation of the aroma, and in a hundred other things which only a cook is likely to know, there is abundant room for the exercise of thought and skill and the expression of character.

The man that goes out to dig a ditch may be a better artist than another who can render a difficult sonata with perfect technique. I see, in imagination, a poor Irish ditch-digger, with his spade in his hand and a stub of a pipe in his mouth, just beginning a new piece of work. He looks carefully over the ground, noting all its inequalities. After setting his lines he begins; and as he proceeds, his e e brightens, his interest grows, until, as his finished work extends, he contemplates its perfect outlines, its shapely banks and even grades, and then chuckles to himself in satisfaction at his handiwork. He has put his soul into his work. He has proved himself an artist. And whoever beholds it must fain recognize the skill and artistic genius of the ditch-digger.

Then, let the cook, the ditch-digger and the artisan, in addition to the love of their work for its own sake, be animated by love of those who may become users of the products of their labor, and art becomes an inspiration. Then is the time when, and that is the pl ce where great artists are horn. Rules of technique cannot confine them. They brush them aside. They rise above conventionalities. They find in their several avocations opportunities for loving service, which transform the most menial and common duties into the loftiest and most ennobling callings.

This is the thing that dignifies and ennobles all labor. This is the thing that constitutes art. This is the magic wand that transforms the most lowly and commonplace employments into all that is helpful and beautiful and artistic. Without this the most perfect technique is soulless and uninspiring. Without this there can be no art in painting, in sculpture, in music, oratory, or in anything else; and all these things fail to awaken a response in the heart of others.

This is the art which is yet to be. This is the art which is destined to make every woman an artist and fill the world with forms of beauty that shall remain a joy forever. Sometimes this will be realized in its fullest measure. But that is not now. As yet we are doing all we can to destroy art and prevent it from coming with its message of love and beauty.

By our divided interests we set man against man in a fierce struggle for existence. Instead of developing love, the very soul of art, we develop hate, covetousness, greed, and all that is sordid and mean. Instead of labor becoming a love service, it is made an irksome task, to be avoided if possible and only endured as a means of existence. Even the schools for teaching the technique of art are carried on, not for art's sake, but to minister to the same avarice which is destroying art.

When men shall be clothed and in their right minds, as they will be sometime; when they abandon the insane scramble for individual fortunes; when they are willing to unite their divided interests in a common interest and work for the common good, then we shall have a Renaissance that will be not merely for a few, but it will extend to the lowliest man, woman and child in this world. Then all work will be art and pursued for art's sake and for the opportunity it gives to render loving service to others. And those who wish to pursue the fine arts will have no occasion to take their models from past ages debauched with crime and injustice.—W. H. Van Ornum, in the Kingdom.

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THE JUDGE GRABBER.

"I want to know," said Cornelius Vanderbilt, gazing in dejection at the jewelled ceiling of the ball room, "how many judges I own."

"What sort of judges?" inquired Chauncey M. Depew, genially.

"What sort?" echoed Cornelius Vanderbilt. "I do not understand you."

"There are two sorts of judges," said Chauncey M. Depew, "federal and honest."

"Honest!" exclaimed Cornelius Vanderbilt, "how can a man be a judge if he is honest?"

"Give it up," said Chancey M. Depew, "but the thing has been done. I believe it, for my mother told me so."

"Well, how many judges do I own?"

"You own them all."

Suddenly a thought occurred to Chauncey M. Depew. He laughed.

"Cornelius Vanderbilt," said he, "you have the laugh on me!"—Ex.

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HISTORIC FLOWER FESTIVALS.

California, though noted in the present century for her rose-fetes, flower festivals and tournaments of roses, has a great number of precedents among the ancient peoples of the earth.

When Cleopatra, the perfumed serpent of the Nile, went into the Cilicia to meet Mark Anthony, she gave him for several successive days a festival such as the gods themselves would not blush to participate in. She had placed in the banqueting-hall twelve couches, each couch being able to hold three guests. Purple tapestr , intervowen with gold, covered the walls, golden vases admirably executed and enriched with precious stones stood on a magnificent floor. On the fourth day the queen carried her sumptuousness so far as to pay a talent ($600 in our money) for a quantity of roses, with which she caused the floor of the hall to be covered to the depth of eighteen inches. These flowers were retained in a very fine net, to allow the guests to walk over them.

According to Suetonius, Nero (the fiddling tyrant of burning Rome) gave a fete at one time on the Gulf of Baiæ when inns were established on the banks, and so-called high-blooded ladies played hostesses to the occasion, the roses alone costing more than four million of sesterces, or $100,000.

As the hag Tofana was the inventor of a new and deadly poison, so Lucius Aurelius Verus was the inventor of a new species of luxury. He had a most magnificent couch made on which were four raised cushions closed in on all sides by a very thin net, and made of leaves of roses.

Heliogabalus, celebrated for every kind of vice and luxury, caused roses to be crushed with the kernels of the pine (*pinus maritima*) in order to increase the perfume. Roses were, by the order of the emperor, scattered over the couches, halls and even the portieres of the palace were decorated with the same. A profusion of flowers of every kind, lilies, violets, hyacinths, narcissus, etc., filled great quantities of space.

At one time in the history of the Roman Empire such words as "living in the midst of roses" and "sleeping on roses" were common expressions. Seneca speaks of Smyndiride who could not sleep if one of the rose petals with which his bed was spread, happened to be curled. Cicero alludes to the then prevailing custom among the Romans of reclining at the table on couches covered with roses. Gallien, a cruel and luxuries princeling of the day, lay under arbors of roses, sometimes varying the performance by reclining on beds of roses.

Before her downfall Rome could spend millions on her royal tables, support the dignity of a single senator at $80,000 a year, employ courts of sycophants and flatterers, impose taxes at the pleasure of her ruler, declare any complaint treason, marry her daughters for money and titles, employ notaries to attest the fatness of her banquet fowls, punish a servant for disobedience and trivial offenses with death while letting the moneyed thief and murderer go free with a mild reprimand, and making slaves and menials of the profoundest philosophers.

The dancer and buffoon received the homage and adoration which in the golden age of Greece under the reign of Pericles only scholars and artists received. Poverty in those days was a crime; so in ours! Verily, reader, these days at the end of the nineteenth century are greatly similar to those last days of Rome. Yvette Guilbert, the songstress of the vile, the recitationist of the vulgar, and little Papinta, the dancer par excellence, live off the fat of the land every day. The songstress and the kickeress get their thousands of dollars per week, while "the poor devil of a workingman" must be satisfied with a dollar a day cash (if at all times he receives that) and barrels of unlimited confidence. Cæligula's horse wore a collar of pearls and drank from an ivory trough. Today the plutocracy of the world are going crazy in their animal worship, in the wealth spent upon the comfort and welfare of some pet dog or horse or cat or monkey, etc. Conde spent three thousand crowns to deck his palace at Chantilly. The Duke of Albuquerque had forty silver ladders. The expression then as now was often heard "the rich are getting richer and the poor are getting poorer."

JOHN A. MORRIS.

METHODS AND RESULTS.

C. L. James finds in my style of debating something or other (he doesn't make it perfectly clear what) which he calls "a further poor controversial trick." One might imagine that friend James said this to keep people from noticing that he has evacuated his fortifications. For he has insisted all along that his anti-saving theory was in no way identical with the absurd idea that breaking a window is a good thing because it makes work for the glazier. But now he thinks that among the various possible answers to my question, the most suitable for the purpose of this argument is that there is no economic difference between smoking a pennyworth of tabacco (his own illustration of the non-saving policy) and throwing a penny over Niagara Falls. And he clinches this by explaining how throwing away the penny will stimulate business (the business of penny-making) as he wants it too. But certainly throwing a penny over the falls to make work is of the same stripe with breaking a window to make work. Hence it is clear that the anti-saving theory is not able to make a consistent showing even in the mouth of its professed discoverer and authentic expounder. I could not have asked a completer victory than my "played-out method of argument" has given me; and, whatever my fault may have consisted in, I shall be encouraged to repeat it.

He does not even leave himself free to hold the broken-window doctrine as a second line of defense. For, by friend James' explanation, throwing money over Niagara increases production. Then obviously burying the money under a cottonwood tree in a swamp will increase production in the same way. And if so, burying it in an old stocking between the matresses will equally increase production. Then the whole anti-saving theory is gone to Elysium.

As to the silver dollar and punch-bowl, he explains that because the dollar is used for one purpose and the bowl another, therefore getting and keeping the bowl "causes production" (of silver), as getting and keeping the dollar does not. The lunacy is obvious enough. Putting on my shelf ten pounds of silver in a punch-bowl does not give the silver business any more patronage or stimulation than putting on the same shelf ten pounds of silver in dollars. It makes no economic difference to the silver miner or silver worker whether I take the product of his labor in the form of a bowl or in the form of medals (coins), so long as he does the same amount of work to make it, and gets the same pay.

But here he sees just enough light to serve as a will-o-the-wisp to lead him still deeper into the morass. He intimates that if one kept the dollar "to look at or to play with" it might be all the same as keeping the punch-bowl, and that this may be the case with a genuine miser's saving (which therefore, of course, will be commendable and profitable to society), but that the harm comes in when one "keeps it with a view to raising its value by making dollars scarce." So the economic effect of an action depends not on the action but on the motive—a very new discovery of friend James. But if one saves for the purpose of making provision for the time of old age or misfortune, the motive is certainly innocent. Therefore such saving will be innocent, and will "cause production" just as much as if the savers had spent the money on silver punch-bowls. Which perhaps is as much as the advocates of saving need to claim.

STEPHEN T. BYINGTON.

BOUGHT A WIFE.

Benton Harbor, Mich., Dec. 16.—The arrest here of George Kelts, a wealthy farmer of St. Joseph county, revealed a situation unprecedented in the history of the State. Kelts is a married man, and has lived with his wife for years in the utmost harmony. No children have been born to the couple, though both earnestly desired to leave children, who, growing up, should perpetuate the name and receive the fortune which the industry and skill of the parents had accumulated. As time went on and they remained childless, they became convinced that if there were to be heirs they would have to be obtained outside the marriage relation of the couple.

Accordingly, with the knowledge and approval of his wife, Mr. Kelts left her temporarily and entered into a contract with Nikolina Jensen, a young and comely woman living in Wisconsin. Under the terms of a legally drawn up document, the two were to live together as husband and wife for twenty months only, as they privately understood, unless either should wish sooner to terminate the situation. In this contract Kelts was to pay house rent in Buchanan, Mich., whence they moved, buy the fuel, provide the house supplies, rent money, and to pay to Nikolina $5 a month In case a male child should be born to the couple, K. was to pay his temporary wife $200, which payment would mark the conclusion, the delivery of the child to Kelts of the contract, and terminate their relations.

The plan worked along the lines of the contract until neighbors in Buchanan of Kelts and Nikolina began to make inquiries that revealed the fact that these two were not married, a fact they did not attempt to conceal. They were arrested, and, when taken into court, produced the contract. But the lawyer who drew it testified that he supposed that Kelts was not married, and that the couple intended to live together permanently, which would have been a common-law marriage under the Michigan decisions of the highest court.

As it appeared that both were honest in the purpose for which the contract was intended, and that they did not realize the gravity of their offense, both were released, Kelts paying $800 to a guardian appointed by the court to see that the child, yet unborn, should not become a public charge. Both were then released. Nikolina then returned to Buchanan and Kelts to his wife at Benton Harbor. It is still his intention, having his wife's consent, to adopt the child. But he is now known as the "Napoleon of Marriage" in this country.—Denver Post.

I clipped the above for the encouragement of those who like to see sex superstition abolished. As these people "did not realize the gravity of their offense [against whom?] they were released!" Finding the offender, Mr. Kelts, wealthy, a judicial salve of $800 was applied to heal the wound to the public virtue.

How many poor devils are in jail today for having, unmarried, assumed love relations with some dear congenial soul without the aid of priest or lawyer!

The matron of Cottage Home in Denver, a lying in place for teachers, servant girls, ignorant, wayward daughters, and the "unfortunate" generally, told me that they give away all their babies—the supply not being equal to the demand—and THAT against the will of some of the young mothers whose people would be "disgraced" should they keep them! I talked with one of the girls—a nice, modest, sensible, girl, one of eleven there near their confinement,—who said she was going to keep her baby, her "mother was going to take care of it for her," but I was privately informed that she thought so, but it could never be allowed. Another girl had just been relieved, by the hastily called physician, of the poison she had swallowed when she awakened from sleep, during which her child had been taken away to parts unknown.

Oh, there's a whole lot to do before civilization will be civilized. Let us never lack courage to expose evils where they may be remedied by an enlightened public conscience.

Fort Collins, Colo. ALBINA L. WASHBURN.

PARAGRAPHS FROM THOREAU.

Any man knows when he is justified, and all the wits in the world cannot enlighten him on this point.

One generation abandons the enterprise of another like stranded vessels.

There are a thousand hacking at the branches of evil to one who is striking at the root, and it may be that he who bestows the largest amount of time and money on the needy is doing the most by his mode of life to produce that misery he strives in vain to relieve.

This American government,—what is it but a tradition, though a recent one, endeavoring to transmit itself unimpaired to posterity, but each instant losing some of its integrity? It has not the vitality and force of a single living man; for a single man can bend it to his will. It is a sort of wooden gun to the people themselves. But it is not the less necessary for this; for the people must have some complicated machinery or other, and hear its din, to satisfy that idea of government which they have. Governments show thus how successfully men can be imposed on, even impose on themselves, for their own advantage. It is excellent we must all allow. Yet this government never of itself furthered any enterprise, but by the alarcity with which it got out of its way. *It* does not keep the country free. *It* does not settle the West. *It* does not educate. The character inherent in the American people has done all that has been accomplished; and it would have done somewhat more, if the government had not sometimes got in its way. For goverment is an expedient by which men would fain succeed in letting one another alone; and, as has been said, when it is most expedient, the governed are most let alone by it

For Chicago.

A grand ball will be given by the International Workingmen's Group for the benefit of the Jewish weekly, Freie Arbeiter-Stimme and Free Society, March 3, 8 p. m., at the Lessing's Club House, 447 W. Tailor St.

Admission 25 cents. Tickets can be secured from the undersigned.

All friends of our cause are cordially invited.

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For Philadelphia.

A Russian Evening Party, with the co-operation of Mr. M. E. Medvedeff as chief soloist, will be given for the benefit of Free Society on Friday, Jan. 26, 1900, at 8 p. m., at Pennsylvania Hall, 8th & Christian Sts. Dancing until 3 a. m. Tickets 25 cents.

All friends of Free Society are cordially invited.

For San Francisco.

Sunday, Jan. 28, the revolutionary play, "The Weavers," will be produced at the Eintracht Hall, Cor. Folsom & 12th Sts.

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WHEN WIII THEY?

When will you as a class awaken to your wrongs—awaken to your right? You suffer—you, your wives and children. In their playtime your little ones are robbed of their sunshine—of the possibilities, the probabilities. They are starved, stunted, and sent out to earn their living in an immature state. I saw them in your Hobart jam factories; manikins in misery. This is your rottenness. The sun shines, the birds sing, the flowers bloom; but the children—ah, what of them? Are you men and women? Can I touch the chord of humanism that will nerve the nerveless—make loyal the disloyal, arouse for a truer manhood and womanhood? You see around you cynical selfishness, grandeur and squalor, luxury and penury; the idle, well fed, well clothed, shirking honest work by exploiting the labor of other people, while the honest worker cringes, crawls half fed, half clothed—dying before his time, his brain dormant, his better nature undeveloped, suffering injustice, crucified daily, because he refuses to use the power he possesses. The splendor of the present is not yours to enjoy; in the march of civilization you are not counted; in the progress of the world you form no part except as "beasts of burden." When will you reverse this? —S. Barker, in Clipper, Australia.

MASTERS FARE BETTER NOW.

"Now we *pay* the servant, and there our obligation ends. It is but a little matter to us if the servant dies, for probably we know where we can get another servant for the same or even less money. It is about the same as if we lose an ox or a horse."—From "Life Without a Master" by J. Wilson, Ph. D.

The above is quoted from last week's article "Master and Servant," and I would like to remark that the last sentence does not apply to the present-day servant, for the loss to the employer, or master, is nothing, while with the chattel slave it was equal to the loss of an ox or a horse. K.-J.

NOT WRONG FOR MEN.

When a disreputable house in this city was raided this week, thirty-four women were taken to prison, but all the men present were allowed to pass unnoticed. It would be interesting to know where in the law the police authorities found their warrant for any such discrimination. It is safe to say that no law exists defininng criminality along the lines of sex, and if one ever should be written it would be patently in violation of every principle of equal rights.—S. F. Star.

A CARD.

To whom it may concern: I expect in February, my seventy-fourth birth month, to commence the publication of a small monthly under the heading: "Clothed with the Sun," publication secured for one year. All those who believe that woman should occupy a higher place than man now occupies; and that she should be free, that she may lead him out of the sphere of force into the sphere of love; that she should demand the conditions in which she can do this, are requested to send in their subscriptions. Terms: 30 cents a year, or four copies for $1. If woman can be made to understand that nature has given into her keeping the highest power known, her mother heart will prompt her to learn how to use that power for the benefit of the race.

Those desiring to correspond with me in reference to the paper can do so by enclosing four cents to cover expense of reply. Fraternally,

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The Letter-Box.

I. W. Herman, Cotesfield, Neb.—"I am receiving sample copies of different radical and excellent papers, but I wish to state through the columns of Free Society that poverty prevents me from subscribing to any of them." The foregoing lines taken from your letter will be sufficient explanation to those who have been supplying you with sample copies. Greetings.

A. L. W., Ft. Collins, Colo.—How do you know that "telepathy and immortality are facts"? Facts are demonstrable, and if you are able to demonstra e immortality, you can make millions with a single demonstration. The New York World has offered $20,000 for a single "spiritual phenomenon" that cannot be proven to be a fraud; why don't the Spiritualists acce t the challenge? Because they have no facts to demonstrate. I am very well aware that there are very liberal, sincere and honest people among the Spiritualists, but that does not prove anything.

F. A., St. Louis, Mo.—All right. We never discontinue sending the paper to those who are out of work.

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